

Birds cannot always sing;
Silence at times they ask, to nurse spent feeling;
To see some new, bright things,
Ere a fresh burst of song, fresh joy revealing.

Flowers can not always blow;
Some Sabbath-rest they need of silent winter;
Ere from its sheath below
Shoots up a small, green blade, brown earth to splinter.

Tongues cannot always speak;
O God! in this loud world of noise and clatter,
Save us this once-a-week,
To let the sown seed grow, nor always scatter.

—Spectator.

A LOST LETTER.

We must enter the fashionable church of a prosperous country town. On this particular Sunday, and contrary to the usual arrangement, Alice Lahman, the contralto, and Arthur Gilbert, the tenor, sat together on one side of the organist, Mabel Strickland and Herbert Stacy, soprano and basso, on the other.

Of these four persons, Alice Lahman, and Herbert Stacy gave the usual amount of attention to their duties; and nothing save the small coquetries and whispered flatteries common to voluntary, and perhaps to other, choirs interrupted their enjoyment of their own and their mental criticism of the other's performance.

With Miss Strickland and Mr. Gilbert all was different.

Miss Strickland probably could not have looked plain if she had tried, but she approached it as nearly to-day as Heaven had made it possible. In Arthur Gilbert a change had taken place since his entrance into the church, which could not have escaped the observation of his companions had they not been entirely taken up with themselves. His manner then had been radiant with such a glad, bright hopefulness that it ought to have been a pleasure merely to look at him. On taking his usual seat beside Miss Strickland he had leaned forward and spoken to her in a whisper—an ardent whisper, it would have seemed—receiving in return the frigidly-spoken and very distinctly audible monosyllable “no.” A hurt and hurried remembrance had then been answered by the lady's crossing over and taking the seat usually occupied by Miss Lahman. Since then she had not glanced toward him. Amaze-ment sat at first alone upon his brow; but its place was soon divided with the indignation of feeling causelessly out- raged. During the whole service he waged with himself a terrible warfare. To leave her to a long repentance—bit-ter though he knew it would be—was the resolution constantly combated by the better determination to make at least one attempt to understand her conduct.

At last the service approached its close. The solemn benediction was pronounced over the bowed heads of the congregation. The people slowly dispersed. Miss Lah- man paused to arrange her ribbons and permit Mr. Stacy to join her if such should be his pleasure. With downcast eyes Miss Strickland passed quickly down-stairs, evidently desiring solitude for a companion. But, after a thousand struggles with pride, Mr. Gilbert had con- quered himself. He met her at the foot of the stairs, and would have walked be- side her. She paused with decision.

“Do you not intend to allow me to walk with you, Mabel?” Mr. Gilbert asked, in a voice of suppressed emotion; but already he was growing angry again.

“I am much obliged, but prefer to be alone,” said Miss Strickland.

“Is it true, then, that you were wound- ed so deeply? Is it possible, Mabel, that you have not yet forgiven me?”

“I have forgiven you so fully,” replied Miss Strickland, slowly and coldly, “that I have forgotten both the offense and the offender. Be kind enough, if you please, to let me pass.”

He stepped back a little, looking at her in wonder; but he spoke once more, in a voice made intense by deep feeling: “Think one moment, Mabel. Do you realize what you are doing?”

“I quite realize that no gentleman de- tains a lady against her will. When it is your pleasure to allow me, I shall be glad to go on.”

“And this is our farewell?”

“That has already been spoken. I hoped it had been final.”

Mr. Gilbert bowed profoundly and stepped aside. Her face was an emotion- less mask; but upon his, amazement, pain and anger were plainly painted.

Before Miss Strickland reaches home a very few words will throw light on the reason—or unreason—of her conduct to her betrothed lover.

A lovers' quarrel had begun, as such quarrels generally do, about a trifle. Unhappily, in this instance, the impetu- osity of the gentleman, irritated by the cold pride of the lady, had widened the breach until it had grown to formidable dimensions, each dwelling upon their own particular grievance, and each declining to take that step that hurts—the first one. But three or four days passed in this way had plainly demonstrated to each how dear was the bond which they were trifling. Miss Strickland wait- ed eagerly for some token of repentance; Mr. Gilbert look anxiously and in vain for a sign that repentance would be ac- cepted. But, after all, he knew that the initiative was his part, and, love and generosity urging him, he took it—in an unfortunate manner. Detained from church this morning, he sent to Miss Strickland a note full of love and mag- nanimous self-blame; a note that would have touched a very much harder heart than hers. But she never received it. Sitting in her place in the choir, before service, she saw Joe—the unhappy wight who blew the organ—coming up the steps with a note in his hand, and upon his countenance, shining with the recent application of brown soap, a look of un- usual perturbation. Joe had played Mercury ere this, Miss Strickland smiled with outward encouragement and a thrill of secret joy, and held out her hand. Joe blushed underneath all his tan and

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

“There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature.”—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

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freckles, became confused and stammered something.

“Why, is it not for me?” said Miss Strickland, drawing back her hand as if she had touched a burning coal.

“No, ma'am. This 'n ain't. This is for—Miss Lahman. Mr. Arthur Gilbert he sent this'n to her.”

This was a piece of gratuitous men- dacity, caused by Joe's embarrassment. The note was indeed for Miss Lahman, for, by an unfortunate coincidence, Joe had had confided to his care a communi- cation for each of the two ladies. He had lost the note for Miss Strickland, and having no intention of confessing the fact, jumbled up names in this peculiarly undesirable manner. Counseled by anger, Miss Strickland believed him. She saw Miss Lahman read the note—saw her smile and blush. After that she saw very little more during the day. And Mr. Gilbert's words at the church door seemed to her no more than a gra- tuitous insult.

Four weeks passed after that Sunday without a word of explanation. Nor did she once see her lover. Time forgot his wings and crept on leaden feet. Miss Strickland's face grew noticeably paler and thinner; a look of expectancy be- came almost habitual to her eyes and lips. The postman's ring startled her. A sudden vision, a step quicker than usual, sent a rapid flash into her cheeks, which, fading, left her paler than before. Instead of saddening, however, she was even gay and more vivacious than was usual or perhaps even natural with her. But her health sank under the effort, despite her courage, and, at length, her mother, becoming alarmed, proposed a so- journ among the mountains.

So to the mountains they went. But now, weakened a little by the ill health from which all her pride could not shield her, Mabel begged for quiet—a more pleasant farm-house, not the great, crowded, noisy hotel.

Money can find almost anything, and they discovered the farm-house, the ideal farm-house, large, pleasant, beautifully situated, and containing, as their hostess told them, but three or four boarders be- sides themselves.

“It would be perfect,” said Mabel, sinking on the couch when the landlady had left them—“It would be perfect if there were nobody, mamma, but just you and me.”

The day following her arrival, Miss Strickland was too unwell to go down- stairs at all; but the next evening, feeling better, she went down to tea. Mrs. Kit- trell, the landlady, casually remarked that two of her boarders had walked that afternoon to the top of a hill famous for its view. Miss Strickland, she added, would find them very pleasant, lively people, and, she hoped, would like them.

“Oh, no doubt of it,” said Miss Strick- land, with languid politeness. “What are their names, Mrs. Kittrell?”

“The two that I have been speaking of are from your city, too. How pleas- ant if you should happen to know them! They are Mr. Arthur Gilbert and Miss Alice Lahman.”

There was a scarcely perceptible pause. Miss Strickland brushed something from her shoulder.

“I beg your pardon, Mrs. Kittrell. I know Miss Lahman very well indeed, and have met Mr. Gilbert several times also, though so casually I can scarcely call him an acquaintance.” Then the poor girl seemed to think it necessary to resume her old mask of gaiety, though, save the two mentioned, there was not a soul within a hundred miles of her who could have imagined anything of her af- fairs.

After tea Miss Strickland stood a mo- ment alone in the gallery. She noticed a narrow, grass-grown foot-path leading down the hillside. It was quite lost from view among the trees at the bot- tom of the hill, and, bending an attentive ear, she thought she heard the soft sound of running water. The shadows, the softude, the beauty promised, tempt- ed her. Drawing her shawl close around her, Miss Strickland walked down the path unnoticed, and seated herself upon a stone at the foot of a great tree. This solitude, these sweet sounds and vague forest odors had all the delight of novelty.

“Ah, delicious!” she murmured. “Here it would be possible to be almost happy!” She was quite wrapped up in her own thoughts. And not until they were just crossing the brook did she notice the ap- proaching figures of Mr. Gilbert and Miss Lahman; they were then within two or three yards of her. Too late to retreat, she could only hope that they would pass without observing her.

Arthur was talking in a lowered voice, rapidly and fervently, Miss Lahman listening with downcast eyes, and atten- tive, interested face. Two or three phrases reached Miss Strickland's ear.

“If I have offended you,” he said, in a voice of pleading, “still you can forgive me; because you know—you must know—that my heart belongs to you as abso- lutely as my soul to its Maker.”

Ah me! Miss Strickland had some glaring faults, which you have perceived ere this; but her sense of honor was real, and not worn for show. Unable to move away, she lifted her fingers and stopped her ears. And never was sense

of honor more unhappily obeyed than in this instance. For see how it was.

During these months Miss Lahman's comedy had had a tragic conclusion. Mr. Stacy had left for newer charms. The coquette's heart was not much wounded, but her vanity was sorely hurt; and she was ready for anything that would help to reinstate her good opinion of her own fascinations.

By an accident she had happened upon poor Arthur's retreat during the sum- mer. Something she knew of the estrangement which he suffered, and more she guessed. Arthur was decidedly a catch. She made use of her beauty, her Madonna eyes, her aureole of hair. Ar- thur, like other sensible, candid men, was in some respects very near a fool. He believed all her expressions and glances and timidities were perfectly natural. Every day she looked prettier than the day before; the logical con- clusion was, of course, that so much beauty indicated every moral excellence. Then they had been much together in happier days, and he could utter the beloved name to one who knew its wearer. All this Miss Lahman quite approved, hav- ing no doubt heard the wise proverb re- specting confidantes.

This afternoon a step had been taken which, she felt, was leagues long. Sim- ple Arthur had told her the whole story, and just as they reached the brook, with a man's egotistic egotism, he even re- peated the unfortunate note which he had written and which Mabel never re- ceived.

“If I have offended you, still you can forgive me; because you know—you must know—that my heart belongs to you as absolutely as my soul to its Maker.”

Here, as you know, Miss Strickland stopped her ears.

Arthur paused a minute. Miss Lah- man lifted her blue eyes, swimming with tender pity.

“Even that,” he said, “did not move her. I do not blame her—Heaven bless her!—but I still must think I had done all that I could do.”

“Ah! how could she?” cried Alice Lahman. Her white hand rested for one brief minute in mute sympathy upon his arm. Then she blushed and looked down. It is really true that some women can blush at will. And though Miss Strickland could not hear she could see. She somehow did not or could not turn her eyes away.

“Oh, pardon me!” murmured Miss Lahman, with confusion as natural as her blushes. “But I feel so sorry for you! If she ever loved you, how could she have treated you so?”

“That is just what I say,” said poor Arthur very disconsolately—he had never said it at all, by the way, for he knew that she had loved him well. “I think, after all, that she may have mistaken herself. It was possible, was it not, Al- ice?”

Arthur, who had long ago, worn out resentment and anger, more wisely re- sentment and anger, more wisely re- sentment and anger, more wisely re-

They did not stop above three minutes beside the brook. When they were well out of earshot Miss Strickland released her hearing from prison.

At this moment she did not look like a proud woman. She sank back listless- ly against the tree near which she had placed herself, and covered her face with her hands; a few tears trickled through her fingers. All nerveless, her attitude spoke more eloquently than words. She knew at last that her hope had not been dead, but sleeping, for now its death- throes rent her bosom.

But effort and resolution accomplish miracles yet. The days rolled on and autumn was past; Christmas drew near. Miss Strickland had long since returned home, and to herself; she recognized the fact that the grace and bloom of life were gone for her; and also she recog- nized the more important fact that life's uses and duties remained. The feverish gaiety that had marked her conduct for a while was gone. In its place shone a steadier light—the cheerful acceptance of things as she found them. She went into society as much as ever; she per- haps more than ever admired there. And it is certain that her mother and her herself were drawn nearer together than ever before.

In the performance of certain routine duties Miss Strickland found herself at the church the day before Christmas Eve. The ladies of St. James' took in- finite pride in their Christmas decora- tions, and half the feminine congrega- tion was gathered on this occasion, with a slight sprinkling of the less ornament- al but perhaps more efficient sex.

Mrs. Grey, the rector's wife, was there—a little woman, chirrupy as a bird, self-important as a honey-bee queen; well-liked, pretty and full of suggestions more poetical than practical. Miss Lahman was there, Arthur Gilbert, Herbert Stacy, Joe—the direful spring of woes unnumbered—and fifty more, with whom we have nothing to do.

“There!” said Mrs. Grey, finally, turn- ing to the group about her, “I think, at last, that it promises to be really beau- tiful.”

All agreed with her. There was quite a chorus of satisfaction, with some look-

ing toward the door, for it was growing late.

“There is one thing more that must be done, however—that certainly must be done,” said Mrs. Grey, with her usual daintily emphatic utterance. “Poor Joe's bench must be furnished up a little. The cushion must have new material. As it is, it is simply disgraceful.”

“But, dear Mrs. Grey, what does it matter? It doesn't show.” Thus re- monstrated a practical one.

“We must not make clean only the outside of the cup and platter,” returned Mrs. Grey, smilingly, but still feeling herself the rector's wife. “Mr. Gilbert, will you loosen the old covering for me?”

As in duty bound Mr. Gilbert would turn upholsterer with much pleasure.

“Here is the hammer—heavy, but I think you can use it.”

It strained Mrs. Grey's muscles, and, you perceive, she thought those of He- racles would have been tense beneath the weight.

Arthur, laughing, took the weighty affair, averring that he thought he could wield it by the exercise of all his strength. He went up-stairs.

“Or no, Miss Strickland, pray be kind enough to take him this one. The one he has has no—I don't know the name—nothing to take out tacks with.”

Miss Strickland did not seem to hear.

“I will take it, dear Mrs. Grey,” said Miss Lahman, with great obligingness.

But this little lady always preferred her own arrangements, however trivial.

“No,” she answered. “I want your sweet taste about the placing of the calla- lilies. You will oblige me, Miss Strick- land, will you not?”

“I will take it to Mr. Gilbert, since you wish it,” said Miss Strickland, not without annoyance.

“Thank you. Come, Alice, my dear. Joe, come and help me lift the vases.”

Miss Strickland walked up the steps very slowly. She hoped that Mr. Gil- bert's task would be accomplished be- fore she could reach the top. For, in ar- raud rather ridiculous.

But he did really experience some vexatious hindrance through lack of the proper instrument, and was scolding a little, very softly and unconsciously, under his breath, when Miss Strickland said, just beside him:

“Here is a better hammer, Mr. Gil- bert. Mrs. Grey told me to bring it to you.”

“Thank you,” he answered coldly. “I am much obliged to Mrs. Grey and of course to you also, Miss Strickland.”

“Not at all to me. I would not have brought it but she insisted.”

It was only about a hammer and a piece of green cloth. But so oddly is life compounded that this was the most overpowering moment of their lives—Never since that fatal Sunday had they stood one moment alone together. Never since then had either spoken one volun- tary sentence to the other. I have not the art to tell all that filled their hearts as they stood silent.

For silently they did stand a moment. Miss Strickland had tried to turn and go down stairs again, but her head was a little dizzy, and, raging at herself for her unnecessary agitation, she still found it would be wisdom to remain an instant where she was.

Mr. Gilbert did not glance toward her again. He was afraid to do so. She stood so near him! Her dress touched that! That meaningless contact thrilled to his very soul. He, too, called himself a fool and invoked inaudible anathemas upon himself. But his heart was one wild pain. He took the hammer she had brought, lifted it with unnecessary force, and brought it down—upon his own fingers.

“Oh!” cried Miss Strickland. It was hardly more than a breath, but the tender monosyllable, surprised from her lips, spoke so much! She stretched out her hand instinctively, and drew it back with a painful blush.

“It is no matter,” said Arthur. “It did not hurt me.” And indeed he scarce- ly felt it.

He used the hammer once more with better effect, loosening an old, rough- looking piece of wood that held the faded cloth. The cloth fell down, and a little cloud of dust arose. Something rustled and fell on the floor at his feet.

“Ah,” said he, “here is an old letter. How long has it been there, I wonder! It is yellow with age.” He was thankful to the letter for being there. It gave him something to say.

But it was only with dust it was yellow. Eight months had it lain there, holding its little secret against the time of disclosure. And the time had come. He glanced at the address, and saw, in his own handwriting, Mabel's name. He opened the note without speaking.

I don't suppose it ever did really hap- pen that a man's heart stood still—until it stood still forever—or that a man's living blood ran ice. But ice and fire seemed in his veins for a moment. His look frightened Miss Strickland.

“What is it?” she said, forgetting her- self.

“Do you remember,” he said in a voice that was not Arthur's voice—“do you remember the last Sunday that we sang together?”

“Yes, I remember. Oh—”

“Did you have a note from me that morning?” he asked in the same strange voice.

“I? A note? O, no!”

“Here is the note that I sent you that day. Will you read it now?”

What do we there? That taste of heaven—more, that taste of heaven after a black and bitter draught—belongs to them alone.

Everybody down-stairs forgot them, except Miss Lahman. Fifteen minutes passed. Then Miss Lahman, not being innately a lady, and no longer able to curb her curiosity and her jealousy, came softly up the steps.

“What an age it takes to remove a piece of cloth!” she cried as she came up. Some of the sweetness was out of her voice. Irony and apprehension did not tune it well. “We want your opinion about the wreaths for the chancel. Was the second hammer a success?”

“Entirely a success,” Arthur an- swered. “It has been worth its weight, not in gold, but in diamonds.” He was sitting on Joe's bench, with somewhat such an air as if it had been an imperial throne.

Miss Strickland was replacing some hair-pins, and her face was that of the goddess of the morning—celestial, rosy- red.

Some time after this Mr. Gilbert en- joyed the pleasure of an explanatory in- terview with the ingenious “blower.”

Without alarming his inventive pow- ers by any reference to the lost note, he contrived to learn from that artless youth one or two facts which threw some light upon its fate.

“A while ago,” said Joe, “that ere piece o' cloth—no sense, anyhow—got loose and tripped me up a time or two. And down I came—bang! once, when Mr. Grey was a prayin'! I didn't catch it then, I guess! O no! he never said a cross word in his life. He wouldn't.”

But these eulogies were explained and commented upon by appropriate expres- sions, which left no doubt that his re- marks were entirely ironical. He further stated that, in a zealous mood, he had then improved the condition of his bench by nailing the cloth fast and by nailing over it a strip of wood to hold it down. All unconscious of the letter that had slipped from his pocket between the cloth and the cushion, he had thus locked up for a little while this key to two des- tinies.

Joe was surprised at the donation which rewarded this information. But still it obtained his entire approval. This was a mode of expressing approbation of his merits which he understood and appreciated.—Harper's Weekly.

A Beautiful Sentiment.

Rev. F. Starr King, in his address on the Fourth of July, 1860, at the Chil- dren's Celebration in San Francisco, gave utterance to the following, which is worthy of preservation:

“You know that the clock ticks and ticks, second by second, in a dull, patient, humdrum sort of a way, till the hand reaches the sixtieth minute, and then it strikes. A new hour is born. What if each day should be marked at sunrise by the louder striking of a clock to tell us that a more important minute was reach- ed? What if the commencement of a new year should always be told to us by the vibrations of some mighty bell far up in space, that sounded only on the first of January, touched then by the hand of God! And now suppose that, when anything very important was about to happen in the world; when a new year of hope and joy for a nation or mankind was to come, a mighty time-keeper, away up among the stars, should ring out, so that men could hear it, and say: ‘Hark! ah, a new hour, one of God's hours, has struck in the great belfry of the heavens!’

“This would be grand. But God does mark the great seasons of the world's history by a mighty clock. In fact, every nation has a huge dial-plate, and be- hind it are the works, and below it the pendulum, and every new and then its hands mark a new hour. Our rev- olution was such a period. That is the glory of it. The English government had oppressed our fathers; it tried to break their spirit. It was for several years a dark time, like the season before sum- mer. But the old time-piece kept tick- ing, ticking, the wheels kept playing calmly, till about 1775, there was a strange stir and busy clatter inside the case; the people couldn't bear any more; a sixtieth minute came, and all of a sud- den the clock struck! The world heard the battle of Bunker Hill—one; the Declaration of Independence—two; the surrender of Burgoyne—three; the siege of Yorktown—four; the treaty of Paris—five; the inauguration of Washington—six; and then it was sunrise, and we live in the forenoon of the glorious day.”

“Let us be glad and grateful on this anniversary, that such a glorious hour was marked for our country and the world, on our coasts. Let us hope and pray that the good old clock shall remain for centuries uninjured, and that it will strike many times again—but not through battle—to mark new hours for humanity.”

A Retrospect of Centuries.

100 years ago; American Independ- ence.

200 years ago; King Philip (the In- dian) defeated and slain; habeas corpus in England.

300 years ago; massacre of St. Bar- tholomew; Spanish Armada preparing.

400 years ago; printing invented; Is- abella the coming Queen.

500 years ago; the days of Tamerlane the Turk, and Chaucer, the English po- et.

600 years ago; Bahol and Bruce, Richard Bacon; St. Thomas Aquinas, House of Hapsburg founded.

700 years ago; Richard Cœur de Li- on and Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, meas- uring swords in Palestine.

800 years ago; William the Conquer- or.

900 years ago; Hugh Capet, the Frenchman.

1000 years ago; Alfred the Great.

1100 years ago; Charlemagne and Haroun Al Raschid.

1200 years ago; Mohammedanism making lively work in Constantinople and other places.

1300 years ago; Old Chosroes, the Persian, lives by murder, and the pope is made a secular judge among kings.

1400 years ago; the Saxons lively in Britain. Clovis establishes the French monarchy, and Visigoths conquer Spain.

1500 years ago; the Roman Empire having legislated many years in favor of capital and against labor, begins to fall to pieces.

1600 years ago; the world had nothing better to do than to broach and denounce heresies and get up religious persecutions.

1700 years ago; Marcus Aurelius, Tacitus and Plutarch.

1800 years ago; Jerusalem destroyed and Herculaneum and Pompeii buried.

1876 years ago; all the world at peace and Christ born.

6000 years ago; Adam rose to the dignity of a large real estate owner; but by poor management was driven into in- voluntary bankruptcy.

A Cat Sucking a Man's Breath in Missouri.

Mr. French, a member of the Thorne Dramatic Troupe, played an engagement in this city, retired to rest at an early hour, and soon fell into a deep slumber. After the lapse of an hour or two he was aroused by a feeling of overpowering op- pressiveness and suffocation, and was hor- rified to find that a huge cat was sitting on his breast and had its head to his mouth sucking away his breath.

He found himself in an almost ex- hausted condition; so much so that he was unable to shake off the vampire fiend attacking him. Struggle as he would, the cat only fastened its claws the deeper in his chest, and went on at its horrible feast.

His groans and cries of agony, how- ever, fortunately brought some neigh- boring lodgers to his relief, and he was rescued from his frightful position. Even then they were compelled to turn him out of bed and roll him over and over on the floor before the cat could be made to release its hold and abandon its purpose.

Mr. French's face and chest this morn- ing bear frightful evidences of his terri- ble battle with the monster.

A Dog's PARASOL.—Queer things are occasionally to be seen in Paris, writes a correspondent, but a queerer sight than that which was witnessed recently on the Rue de la Paix, it has rarely, if ever, been my lot to behold. In taking my morning walk I met a large white poodle, shaved and clipped lion-fashion, who wore a round, black velvet cap, coquet- tishly placed on the side of his curly head. In his mouth he carried a basket, to the handle of which a small ceru silk parasol had been adroitly attached in such a manner that in carrying the basket the dog held the parasol over his head, and so shaded himself from the rays of the sun. It is impossible to describe the gravity and aplomb of his dogship, nor the im- mense amusement of the street boys and the passers-by at this novel specta- cle.

An eccentric Englishman, named Deane, had a vault constructed in his garden, built a summer-house over it, and directed that at his death he should be buried there. He has just died, and his wish has been complied with.

An excursion was advertised in Boston “to go down the bay and see the water once out by the keel of the May- flower.”

Good temper is like a sunny day, it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquietude.

Wink at small injuries rather than avenge them. If to destroy a single bee, you throw down the hive, instead of one enemy, you make a thousand.

Domestic jars, when concealed, are half reconciled. 'Tis a double task to stop the breach at home and men's mouths abroad.

Evidences of Progress—Character of the People—Abundance of Water, Fuel, and Building Material—Markets, etc.

EDITOR INDEPENDENT: Twenty years ago Charles Sumner, in an eloquent speech delivered in the United States Senate, presented the following graphic picture of the geographical and natural advantages of Kansas:

“Take down your map, sir, and you will find that Kansas, more than any other region, occupies the middle part of North America, equally distant from the Atlantic on the east, and the Pacific on the west; from the frozen waters of Hudson's Bay on the north, and the tepid gulf

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1876.

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Deaf-Mutes Should Contribute to the National Home.

We are in full sympathy with our Chicago correspondent's views that it is the imperative duty of every deaf-mute who can possibly do so to give something in aid of the National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes. More than that, it should be esteemed not only a duty but a pleasure to help on the good work which Rev. Dr. Gallaudet conceived the idea of projecting, and for which he has ever since that time labored so faithfully.

Many deaf-mutes of this State, and perhaps of a few others, have contributed for this object, but it needs much more means to place it on the needed basis; and being national in character, it is hoped that its friends throughout the Union will continue to give as often and as much as they can afford, so that at no very distant day the Home shall be in full operation on a large plan. The need of more money is why it requires so long a time to get the Institution in readiness to accommodate all the applicants. There need be no fears that when the Home has become fairly and fully prepared to execute its mission there will be an undue increase of admissions to its benefits, as it will be what its name imports—A Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes.

All persons whose cases come within the limits of the prescribed rules will be received and kindly and properly cared for. It will not be an almshouse to take in tramps and stragglers who are too lazy to provide for themselves, but a home for those for whom it was designed. Let the deaf-mutes of every State do all they can towards providing for the present and future wants of their aged and infirm brethren. Dr. Gallaudet is doing all he can to make the Home proportionate to the wants of the aged and infirm. The co-operation of all deaf-mutes of both sexes throughout the United States, is desired to help him on with the good work.

Another Deaf-Mute Killed on the Railroad.

We publish in our paper of to-day an account of the fatal accident to John Waldele, a deaf-mute of Rochester, N. Y. As yet, we have received no farther particulars than those published in one of the city papers, but presume it to be a case purely accidental and unavoidable, as it appears that the victim was simply crossing the railway track.

It is with painful emotions that we of late hear of so many fatal casualties to the deaf and dumb of this nature. We had no personal acquaintance with the deceased, but he was a brother deaf-mute, and we tender to his mother and friends our deepest, heartfelt sympathies in their sad bereavement. As a people, we should practice the utmost precaution in every case in which it is necessary to go upon railway tracks, and while walking or driving give them a wide berth whenever it is possible.

A New Principal for the Central New York Institution.

We learn that the Board of Trustees of the above Institution, at Rome, N. Y., have concluded to hold a special meeting in that city on the first of August, for the purpose of electing a hearing and speaking gentleman to take charge of it at the beginning of the school year, next September. Prof. Alphonso Johnson, the present incumbent, having resigned his position. The Trustees have wisely deemed it better to have a hearing and speaking gentleman at the head of the Institution, and we doubt not they will secure one whose high moral character and executive ability cannot be questioned.

Dom Pedro's Present to the Boy Who is Blind, Deaf and Dumb.

When Dom Pedro was in Newport he requested the blind mute, Oliver Caswell, of Canaan Island, to visit him, which he did. Mr. Caswell, who is a brother of the New York druggist of that name, was born deaf, dumb and blind, but, like Laura Bridgman, his other faculties have been educated to a marvellous degree, and he can earn his own living. He does his share of the labor of the household and is quick to understand information of any kind if it is conveyed to him by touch. Dom Pedro was greatly interested in him, and at parting filled one of the beautiful little baskets which Mr. Caswell had brought as a specimen of his handiwork, with gold.

Resignation of Mrs. E. P. Peet.

The New York Institution has recently sustained a severe loss in Mrs. H. P. Peet's resignation of the position of matron. This estimable lady has had a large and varied experience in the care of deaf-mutes, and her sympathies are closely allied with them. The high position she has so long held has been elevated and graced by her presence. Possessing the confidence and the filial regard of the many children entrusted to her care, she was enabled at all times to do much for their welfare, and her loss will be a keen regret to them.

The system of government by which two departments, nominally and usually separate, merge into one at certain points, is not calculated for that tranquility and that eternal fitness of things indispensable to happy service.

We hope Mrs. Peet's valuable services are not lost to the profession. We shall look to see her continued in other and happier parts of the broad field.

We append the reply of Dr. Adams, President of the Board, to her and the letter of the Secretary, concerning the action of the Board on Mrs. Peet's resignation:

"ORANGE, N. J., May 31st, 1876.

"MY DEAR MRS. PEET:—Your letter of May 18th has just reached me at my country home in this place. It both surprises and grieves me. I have regarded your personal presence in our Institution as a great blessing, and regret that you have any disposition to withdraw from it. I cannot interpret all which you say concerning your disposition to withdraw.

"It would seem there must be some reason influencing you of which I am altogether ignorant. I shall forward your letter to the Executive Committee, in the hope that your invaluable services may be retained.

"Most truly yours,

"With highest regard,

"W. ADAMS."

"June 19, 1876.

"MRS. L. P. PEET—Madam: I am directed by the Board to inform you that at their last stated meeting your resignation as matron, conveyed in a letter to the President, was accepted in the following Resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That in accepting the resignation of Mrs. L. P. Peet as matron, the Board of Directors of this Institution desire to record their appreciation of her long and faithful services to the Institution, her special courage and devotion in times of sickness and danger, and her continued and unwearied efforts for the welfare of deaf-mutes, and the sincere regret at her approaching departure.

"I beg you to excuse my delay in transmitting this Resolution. I have been so closely occupied since the meeting that to-day, for the first time, I find a leisure moment wherein to perform my duties as Secretary.

"I am, Madam,

"Most respectfully,

"THATCHER M. ADAMS,

"Secretary."

The Tomizor.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Tomizor.*

The deaf-mutes of Bridgeport, Conn., celebrated their Centennial Fourth of July, in a very pleasant and happy way, through the benevolent kindness of Mr. R. BEERS, of that place, who gave his deaf-mute friends a picnic. He furnished clam chowder, that excellent New England dish for the pic-nickers, besides many other nice eatables. Mr. L. G. MARSHALL furnished the ice cream, which was well relished as well as the clam chowder and other good things, with which the table was bountifully loaded. Toasts, puns and different amusements, were participated in by the party, and it was unanimously agreed that this Centennial Fourth of July, 1876, was the happiest holiday ever enjoyed by the deaf-mutes of Bridgeport. The deaf-mutes feel very grateful to their friends who exerted themselves so liberally to make the picnic party so pleasant.

The landlord of the Ocean City Hotel, Milwaukee, wants very much to see MILTON VAN DYKE. His desire originates under peculiar but not uncommon circumstances, and the aforesaid MILTON can explain them much better than any one else, except, perhaps, the landlord in question. We would, however, suggest that the truth be admitted by the one who would be the defendant, were there to be a case at law, else it will be told by one who knows something of him already.

DR. PALMER, of the Belleville, (Ont.) Deaf and Dumb Institute, and J. W. CARMAN, of the Belleville Ontario, were in town to-day en route to the Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia. Dr. PALMER, a native of North Carolina, by the way, will attend a Convention of Principals of Deaf-mute Institutions in Philadelphia before returning to Canada.—*Oswego Palladium.*

The closing exercises of the school year at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, took place to-day, and were highly interesting. Those in attendance witnessed a feature of additional interest in a wedding ceremony, in which two of the mute teachers of muteness were the happy bride and groom.—*Cincinnati Commercial*, June 19, 1876.

At Flint, Michigan, this afternoon, a man named JEROME B. BLAKES, a deaf-mute from Ionia, Michigan, attending the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute, was run over and killed by a switch engine.—*Cincinnati Commercial*, June 21, 1876.

DAVID D. KRAMER, an uneducated deaf-mute shoemaker, of Mannsville, N. Y., aged 67, is reported to have a comfortable property, accumulated by his industry.

A Union of Intelligent Persons.

On the 28th of last June, Mr. Thomas L. Brown, a teacher of the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, and Miss Sarah M. Hoagland, a teacher in the blind department of the same Institution, were united in the bonds of matrimony.

Terribly Mangled.

A DEAF-MUTE STRUCK BY AN ENGINE AND RECEIVES FATAL INJURIES.

Last Saturday night, about 12 o'clock, a deaf-mute named John Waldele, started from the center of the city to his home on the corner of Jay and Grape streets. As he was crossing the Central railroad track on Kent street, a locomotive backing down from the west knocked him down and mangled him terribly. His face was disfigured to such an extent that it was scarcely recognizable. One eye was entirely pushed out and hung down upon his cheek. His shoulder was crushed and his left leg cut off. In this condition he was found on the track by Thomas McQuillan. He was taken to a saloon near by, and Dr. Mallory called and everything done for the injured man. Soon after he was conveyed to the city hospital, where he was further examined by Drs. Langworthy and Mallory, who pronounced his injuries fatal. He died at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. From the time he was struck until his death he was entirely conscious. He was a cooper by trade, and lived with his widowed mother at the place above stated. At the time of his death his age was twenty-four years and five months. He was who, on Friday, dove for the boy drowned in the canal near he discovered the body in the canal and immediately reported the fact to the coroner, whom he never saw before and whom he recognized after being hurt.

Yesterday afternoon Coroner Harder summoned a jury, but the inquest was postponed until this afternoon at two o'clock.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*, July 3d.

A Swindle, Evidently.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., June 19.—Mr. John T. Rome, of this city, the 6th of November last, expressed to Miss Alice Duncan, a relative of his wife, who is one of the unfortunates in the Michigan Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, at Flint, a box containing medicines. After some time had elapsed, Mr. Rome was surprised at receiving a postal card from Miss Duncan stating that she had not received the box. The American express agent at this place traced the box to Flint, and received a notice from the agent at that city stating that the box was delivered, Nov. 8th, to Dan Church, steward of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution, and that his signature was on their books as having received the same. Mr. Rome wrote to Mr. E. L. Bangs, principal of the institution, saying that he had traced the box to the Institution and expected him to account for it. Mr. Bangs never deigned to reply to the letter. Feeling that the principal officer of an institution supported by the people of the State should at least condescend to answer a civil letter, Mr. Rome became indignant at Mr. Bangs' indifference and apparent disrespect and wrote to C. D. Long, prosecuting attorney of Genesee county, in regard to the matter. Mr. Long showed Mr. Rome's letter to Mr. Bangs, and then that gentleman did condescend to answer, after three months had passed. He pronounced Mr. Rome's letter an insult, and said that he had no doubt but what the box was lost, accidentally, by the steward while on his way home. Mr. Rome took no notice of the language used by Mr. Bangs, but wrote to the gentleman that he should hold the steward responsible. To this Mr. Bangs replied that "Mr. Church, the steward, is hired by the board, and is not responsible to me; nor am I responsible for his acts," and closed by saying that "I have no responsibility whatever in the matter," referring him, however, to Hon. A. L. Aldrich, acting commissioner of the Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind. Mr. Rome, in the past two months, has written two letters to Mr. Aldrich, but no attention has been paid to them, whatever. Whether or not there is anybody in Michigan responsible for what is done at the State Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind is a query that cannot be answered, and a problem incapable of solution.—*Chicago Times.*

Rheumatism and Gout are invariably benefited by sulphur bathing. The difficulty of procuring trustworthy sulphur baths without the dangerous exposure incident to public bathing-houses, has been fully met by GLEN'S INVALUABLE SULPHUR SOAP. It is sold everywhere.

Meteorology.

The mean temperature of the month of June, 1876, was 66.6°. This was 1.0° above the average during the past 23 years. Warmest 71.6°, in 1870; coldest 59.3°, in 1855. The average at 7 a. m., was 67.2°, at 2 p. m., 77.8°, and at 9 p. m., 65.8°. Lowest temperature 51°, on the 6th; highest 90°, on the 15th.

Thunder occurred on nine different days as follows: 3d, 8th, 9th, 13th, 14th, 19th, 20th, 25th, and 27th.

The amount of rain-fall was 2.9 inches; 0.9 of an inch fell on the 9th, and 1.4 inches on the 18th. The greatest amount of rain-fall in June, during the above time, was 8.8 inches, in 1865; the least amount, 0.7 of an inch, in 1864, 1868 and 1870.

E. B. BARTLETT,

Palermo, N. Y., July 10, 1876.

—Woodcock shooting is now legal if any can be found.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

The great day of the Centennial year has passed, and the roasted multitude in this city are drawing sighs of relief.—The year has abounded in celebrations. The first of January was honored as ushering in the year. Washington's birthday was respected as it had not been for years before, the memories of the Revolution being forcibly revived. But the excitement of the time culminated on Tuesday. Monday night there was a brilliant torchlight procession, representing nearly all the prominent industries and associations of the city. Moving from different directions the imposing sections joined each other in front of Independence Hall. A crushing crowd had gathered here, and the long rows of police could hardly restrain the rebellious element. At midnight precisely, the new bell in the tower announced in deep and solemn tones that the old century had passed and the new had been ushered in. The enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. The wild shout that rose was caught up by throngs on distant streets, and echoed and re-echoed from block to block. Sedate long-faced men were swinging their hats, and the excitement of the outburst carried away even the most dignified.

The ceremonies of Independence Day were imposing beyond my powers of description. They have already appeared so fully in the newspapers, that I shall undertake no formal narration. The parade was an elaborate affair, and truly worthy of the day. Several beautiful arches spanned the main streets, and thousands upon thousands of flags were displayed from windows and roofs. The memorial exercises, consisting of oration, poem, music, &c., were appointed for Niagara Square. Long before the advertised hour, the square was densely packed. The oration by Evans, however, was a disappointment to the throng, for his comparatively feeble voice carried his words but a short distance, and there is little about his mere presence to hold attention. Bayard Taylor's poem, on the other hand, more than met popular expectation. Those who heard Mr. Taylor in Mexico a few years since in his lecture upon Russia, will remember with what fine effect he declaimed the poem in his peroration.—His success in Philadelphia was due in great measure to the same elocutionary excellence. His voice, with its striking modulations and inflections, reached far into the crowd, and he was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause. In some degree, the kindness of his reception was due to the fact that he is a native of this State, but much more was it due to the merits of his production and its delivery.

The fireworks in the evening, though brilliant, were much damaged by the rain. The street car leading to the Park, were filled to overflowing, but by taking round about routes and paying two or three fares, a person was sure of at least a ride on the platform.

Of course the city has been crowded. Hotel after hotel I visited with a friend without finding a vacancy. "Are you full?" we asked of the clerk. "Do you mean me or the house? If you mean the house, yes." Not having been forewarned we ventured to take up our quarters at one of the "Centennial" hotels. They took us around to "110," and if we were to live to the next centennial we would never forget that place. There were two beds, as read the advertisement in the office, but they were fastened together, and had only one sheet between them. In the corner was a triangular piece of rough board which served as a shelf for the cracked wash-bowl, and the quart pitcher of water; at the window hung a piece of cotton cloth, which, by a stretch of fancy, might be called a curtain. A small piece of coarse towel was a bone of contention to my chum and myself. It certainly was too small for both of us, and the question of ownership in that luxury was at once proposed. Before our coats were off, however, for the decisive contest, we ran across a couple of unused pillow cases, which served the purpose of towels excellently.

We had traveled all day, but that parade of Monday night we could not afford to lose. Drawing all the water from our limited stock, that prudence would permit, we relieved ourselves of a burden of Pennsylvania dust, and went down to supper preparatory to the night's work. Oysters first—how forcibly were we reminded that oysters do not improve with age! Then other "centennial" dishes until my friend, who is usually very careful, let loose a flood of theological expressions, while I, for my part, felt that I was not getting any great amount of inspiration from the place and its surroundings. We had a seat in the car going down, thanks to pure cheek and selfishness. Once down to Independence Square, no ordinary patriotism could endure the rush and jam, but the spirit of '76 was strong within us, and we held our ground for one mortal hour. Then came the ceremony of return to the centennial grounds. Not a car could move. For hours the principal streets were blocked by the winding in and out of it the moving procession. At last about daylight, a few were started, but a multitude which no man could number, were aboard immediately. Then followed delay upon delay. The car would get off the track. The rascals who were sitting on the top would refuse to pay, and police must be summoned. The couplings would break; the horses would give out; the passengers must get off every few minutes and push. Surely the Imp of the Perverse never seemed more successful. At length, however, at an hour when the honest people of Mexico have their cows half milked we arrived at our coop, "110." We lost no time in denouncing our quarters, and like many another centennial visitor, we took—you have heard of that country where sleep is a marketable article, whose value depends upon the color, and the blue sleep is the most

valuable and costly of all,—well, it was blue sleep that we took in 110.

After our morning nap, we undertook an investigation of the hotel business. We found prices of lodging ranging from 25 cents to two dollars. All the hotels of the second class, conducted on the European plan, ask a dollar for lodging. We had one question to ask in which we were specially interested: "Is your hotel a 'centennial' or established?" If it proved the former we were satisfied without further investigation that it would not answer our purpose. If we had wanted a place of that description, we might better have brought along a dry goods box and lodged in that. Rooming down town seems not so very inconvenient when one is laying his plans three or four hundred miles away. But when he comes here and sees the inadequate provision for transit, he wants to locate where he will be entirely independent of the crowded cars. There are two very large and fashionable hotels near the grounds, but their terms are \$5.00 and \$5.50 per day, and a person needs a canal contract or something of that kind to enable him to afford it. Good accommodations quite as conveniently located may be obtained for a dollar a night, and living is thus rendered not much more expensive than elsewhere—not much more than average prices being charged at the restaurants.

There has been no little excitement this week over the controversy as to opening the Exhibition on Sunday. Petitions favoring it were presented, while equally formidable papers were presented by those sustaining the former action of the Commission. The former were mainly from the mechanics and artisans of the city, the latter for the most part from the country outside. Eleven hundred and thirty-six out of the twelve hundred men employed at the Baldwin Locomotive Works, signed the petition in favor of the opening. Both sides were strongly represented, and considerable bad blood was set in circulation. Gen. Hawley, President of the Commission, of course, could be relied on to oppose any violation of the Sabbath, and he made a strong speech in defence of closing the grounds. Some one followed with the snarl that the sanctimonious gentleman who had just spoken, in spite of the conscience which made him feel that he "would do wrong before God," if he voted to open the doors, had never taken five Yankee friends with him around the grounds on the holy day. Gen. Hawley replied frankly that he had done wrong in that and regretted it. The vote was 29 to 10 in favor of keeping the doors closed.

At least a dozen from our town are in the city. They meet occasionally and compare notes. The delegation holds its sessions as late as 7 p. m., but Mr. Solomon Mathews is off to bed before that time, and so cannot join in the deliberations. N. E. P.

P. S. One of the most interesting things about this occasion is the weather. The mercury, if it does not run out at the top of the thermometers, at least goes as high as 99° in the shade. In a procession to-day thirty-one were sunstruck, of whom three died shortly after.

Philadelphia, July 8, 1876.

CENTENNIAL LETTER.

How the Centennial Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was Celebrated—Impressive Ceremonies and a Large Crowd—The Exposition Gets a Benefit—A Million and a Half of Strangers in the City.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, July 10, 1876.

The Official National Celebration of the Nation's Centennial Birthday—for such the 4th of July ceremonies at Philadelphia must be called—was a proud affair, the recollection of which will doubtless be transmitted through another century. Yet grand as it was the occasion was not wholly unmarred by conspicuous defects. The President of the United States, who, outside of all personal considerations, should have been present as the head of the government, had to be apologized for on the platform, and the National Congress for which a joint session in Independence Square at noon had been very appropriately suggested, put in no appearance as a body. The reason assigned is that the Senate failed to act upon the resolution passed by the House providing for such a session. The Philadelphia papers have justly spoken with some bitterness of these defects for which no apologies are adequate.

The features of the occasion were a parade, an oration, a poem and a chorus. These, the simplest elements of such a commemoration, comprised the programme, the rest being made up by the sovereign people who were here in hundreds of thousands, manifesting the sober and reverent joy of patriotism; the proud glorification of the heroic fathers who one hundred years ago founded a government for the people and of the people. The thousands of the opening day of the great Exposition have been more than equaled, but the trace of a careless and cosmopolitan gathering have disappeared. Men are still here from all lands. The seion of the royal house of Sweden stood by General Sherman on the grand stand, and the Emperor of Brazil in his rigorous incognito sat upon the platform at a later hour. The ancient and fading Declaration of Independence was taken from its long seclusion for the first time, and held with reverent hands by a descendant of its promoter. The flags, the uniforms and the troops of thirteen united colonies gathered for the first time since the Revolution, in this garri town of the war of Independence, but their march was headed by the flowing youth of a national army—the West Point Cadets—and the long line marched past thronged and crowded ranks, which showed the accent, the bearing, the manner and the habits of forty States and Territories, and naturalized citizens drawn from as many alien nationalities. If the General Government was absent, the general people

were here. If Congress failed to meet in the old hall and round the century with another general and Continental Congress, the people from early morning were passing in a constant and orderly stream through the ancient room. The fraternal greeting with which Boston surprised the nation a year ago was not the salient feature of this national gathering. It was not needed; but its fruits were here in full harvest, and men saw without comment or murmur a Confederate general leading the troops of the united colonies through the streets of Philadelphia.

The parade in point of numbers was the largest ever seen in Philadelphia, though no larger than the writer has seen at six o'clock in the morning on the 4th of July in New York, where the city regiments all turned out. But it was a brilliant parade because composed almost entirely of crack organizations from all parts of the country. The Centennial Legion received one continued ovation all along the route, and the Southern regiments in it, under command of Gen. Heth, were greeted with applause on every hand. The march was long and the heat almost intolerable, which caused a number to drop from exhaustion, but there were no serious cases.

The exercises were conducted in Independence Square, which could hold only a fraction of the throng upon the streets. Upon the platform sat the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister, Prince Oscar of Sweden, Governors Hayes and Hartranft, Secretary Cameron, Generals Sherman, Sheridan and Hancock, and a host of other officials. The music was under the irrepressible Gilmore and Theodore Thomas. Acting Vice President Ferry presided in the absence of the President. His modest remarks on being called to the position were full of the spirit of that declaration so familiar to every American. The oration by Wm. M. Everts, of New York, was worthy of the occasion; but no doubt most of your readers will have perused it thoroughly ere this letter reaches them. If they have not let me advise them to do so.

These extra occasions interfere with my regular descriptions of the exhibits on the Centennial grounds, and I have already some interesting notes in my book for next week's letter. It is estimated that 250,000 strangers were quartered in the city on the night of the 4th, and their presence has told upon the Exhibition in the succeeding days. Notwithstanding all the other attractions of Tuesday, every avenue of the wondrous city at the Park was thronged with delighted guests, and the various structures on the ground seemed for the first time actually crowded. So great was the influx of sight-seers, that though both steam and street cars almost doubled their carrying capacity, they were still unable to transport the multitude as fast as they congregated at the various stations along their routes. A careful inquiry into the character of the attendance showed that although a large proportion of the guests were from Pennsylvania and adjoining States, one-third of the whole came from towns and cities very far distant from Philadelphia, while not a few had but recently arrived from the other side of the Atlantic.

In the afternoon the attendance was still more increased by the arrival of excursions from the Eastern and Middle States, and at the close, the department reported the paying admissions at 47,787.

Battle with the Indians.

Terrible Slaughter of Custer and his Men.

We condense the following account of the disastrous Little Horn battle between the Union forces under Gen. Custer, and the Sioux Indians, from dispatches from Bismarck, Wyoming Territory, dated July 6th:

Gen. Custer left Rosebud on June 22d with twelve companies of the Seventh cavalry, striking a trail where Maj. Reno left it, leading in the direction of the Little Big Horn. On the evening of the 24th fresh trails were reported, and on the morning of the 25th, an Indian camp was discovered 20 miles above the mouth of the Little Big Horn.

Gen. Custer pushed his command rapidly forward and when it was discovered that the Indians were retreating, Maj. Reno with seven companies was ordered to the left, to attack the village at its head, while Gen. Custer with five companies, went to the right and commenced a vigorous attack. Maj. Reno felt of them with three companies of cavalry, and was almost instantly surrounded, and after an hour or more of vigorous fighting, he cut his way through to the river and gained a bluff three hundred feet in height, where he intrenched and was soon joined by Col. Benton with four companies.

When the fighting ceased for the night, Maj. Reno prepared for attacks the next morning.—There had been forty-eight hours fighting with no word from Gen. Custer, twenty-four hours more of hard fighting, and the suspense ended when the Indians abandoned their village in great haste and confusion. Maj. Reno knew that success was near at hand. Gen. Terry with Col. Gibbon commanding his own infantry had arrived. Inquiries were then made for Gen. Custer, but none could tell where he was. Soon an officer came rushing into camp and related that he had found Gen. Custer dead, stripped naked, but not mutilated, and near him his two brothers, Col. Tom and Boston Custer and about two hundred of his officers, men and scouts. The bodies of nearly all were stripped and horribly mutilated.

Custer went into battle with companies C, L, I, F, and E of the seventh cavalry, and the staff and the non-commissioned staff of his regiment, and a number of scouts, and only one Crow scout remained to tell the tale. Gen. Custer was among the last who fell, but

when his cheering voice was no longer heard, the Indians made easy work of the remainder.

LATER.—Gen. Terry, in command of the Department of Dakota, has made a report to Gen. Sheridan of the late engagement to Gen. Custer with Sioux Indians. He places the number of the killed including the officers, at 250, with 51 wounded. The report, however, goes little further than to confirm former details of the fight.

Alleged Forgeries.

The Youngest Son of a Wealthy Pulaski Man Charged with Forging Notes—Sad Consequences.

On Monday of this week our village was evidently in an unusual state of excitement. Groups of men were here and there congregated and evidently talking about some crime which had recently been discovered. Of course in the midst of so much street rumor it is impossible to get at the exact facts in the case and these must be reserved for some future occasion, but the principal points are substantially as follows:

For some months, F. B. Ingersoll, son of R. L. Ingersoll, a well known and wealthy banker of this place, has been known to have considerable sums of money at his disposal and that too without his father helping him to any of it or his doing anything to earn it. This money the young man used with a lavish hand, purchasing fine jewelry and diamonds for his wife and himself, riding about the country, and elegant, expensive living generally. It now transpires that the money used for supporting this extravagance was obtained from the sale of notes which came into his hands rather unaccountably, to say the least, and which were endorsed to a large extent by Mr. E. E. Trumbull, who was amply secured, as he supposed, by two large notes amounting to \$5,500, which he (Trumbull) held as collateral security. It is said that these two notes purporting to have been given by an uncle of Mrs. F. B. Ingersoll as a legacy to her, were forged.

Other notes have come to light. Hiram Pond, a noted money lender of Mexico town, has two notes amounting to about \$500 in his possession purchased of Fred Ingersoll. These are also said to be forgeries. Both of these purport to have been given by E. E. Trumbull, one of which has the following forged names as endorsers: R. L. Ingersoll, Ed. Forman, N. B. Smith.

The young man freely confesses his faults, is evidently very penitent, and promises to lead a better life. He is not a gambler, and we are informed that he scarcely "knows one card from another." He is not at all given to drink and seems to have no dissolute habit save that of a desire to spend money much faster than any honest man can acquire it.

The knowledge of young Ingersoll's deeds comes with crushing force upon his young wife who is evidently much attached to her husband, and, indeed, the entire family are much afflicted by the developments of the past few days.

What the result of all this may be, is not known. It depends entirely upon the action Mr. R. L. Ingersoll will take. As yet he has done nothing and declares it as his intention not to interfere in the least with the act of justice. Mr. Ingersoll is noted for being an unusually indulgent father, and never gives grudgingly where the comfort or happiness of his children or family are concerned. Should he adhere to his determination not to interfere in behalf of his son, it would be because he was convinced that the case demanded a serious lesson—one not soon to be forgotten.—*Pulaski Democrat.*

[We understand that Ingersoll offered the large notes of William Dryden to T. W. Skinner, of this place, in exchange for real estate; but Mr. Skinner, suspecting something wrong, went to Copenhagen to see the maker, and learned the notes were forged. He then notified Mr. Pond and other persons whom he thought had been dealing with young Ingersoll to examine their securities, which resulted in Mr. Pond getting a portion of his forged paper secured, and will, we learn, lose but little. No other person in this village had any of the forged paper.—Ed.]

Sunstroke.

Now that we have come upon the sunstroke season, it is well enough to repeat the annual advice and information on the subject of the ailment. The American Journal of Medical Science gives an interesting account of its ways and effects. It is not really a sudden stroke. There are preliminary symptoms that, if heeded, would enable one to avoid the attack. The temperature rises and the individual perspires, becomes thirsty, and feels very much exhausted. These symptoms increase until the temperature of the body reaches 111 degrees Fahrenheit, the skin becomes dry, the sufferer feels a terrible oppression, undergoes violent palpitation, and experiences an overburdening sense of coming death. This condition of sunstroke, fatiguing, utterly prostrating as it is, may be entirely recovered from, but in the higher stages the brain is thought to be the seat of lesions that may have a permanent effect on its functions. These are supposed to be inflammatory, and to leave the sufferer liable to mental diseases afterwards. It is consequently the duty of whoever feels the promptings to succumb at once, rather than fight the fatigue and depression until it ends in permanent injury. All persons working in the open air will do well to remember this.

—Rev. Mr. Hayden, Rector of Grace Church, invited the Sunday-school connected with that society to his house last Tuesday evening. They were well entertained and had a very pleasant time.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Indiana Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

DEAR JOURNAL:—Your correspondent from Indiana has been neglecting his duties. It has been a long time since he wrote last, for various reasons too obvious to be mentioned. All are aware of the urgent duties resting upon the shoulders of a teacher.

The examination began last week, commencing with the High Class. It will continue till Saturday, all the more advanced grades undergoing an examination. The juvenile classes will be examined this week. The term closes on the 28th. I believe this institution is the last of all to close this year. We have heard from several Institutions and learn that they closed either the first or second week in June.

We have lately been honored with the presence of several distinguished visitors, and expect more every day. Mr. W. Wilkinson, of the California Institution, Mr. Roberts, of the Kansas Institution, and Mr. Flanniken, of the Ohio Institution, each made us a short call; in fact, too short for us to realize that they had been here at all.

Your correspondent has been and is yet the recipient of many letters from several of Indiana's most honored and respected graduates, commenting on an article in a former number of the JOURNAL, written by the Warrick county deaf-mute (W. J. K.). They are all indignant at the way he has treated his fellow deaf-mutes. Quite a number of hearing friends join them in denouncing his very abusive and unjust remarks on the subject of comparing deaf-mute teachers with hearing and speaking ones, in such a way as to make it seem that the former are totally unfit for the performance of anything whatever. I will quote some remarks from their letters hereafter. All seem to be of one and the same opinion about his silly remarks. He is deaf and dumb, has the same advantages and disadvantages as his fellow deaf-mutes, and has often said to me that he felt more at home among his deaf-mute brethren than with hearing people whose conversation had very little weight on his mind, because of their apparent indifference while conversing with him and others of his class. This is a well known fact and well understood by both deaf and hearing people. It is an admitted fact that the deaf-mute teachers exert more influence over the minds of deaf and dumb pupils than speaking teachers. They may not be afraid of other teachers, but the real reason is that they so often fail to feel so much at home with such teachers. They perhaps do not receive proper attention nor become familiar enough with hearing teachers and they fear that they cannot be properly understood and do not think it worth their while to insist on getting the full information which they need and would like. There are a few exceptions. There are some teachers—very few indeed in number—who seem to understand the deaf-mutes as well and easily as though they were themselves deaf and dumb.

When "For the Truth" says many of the deaf-mutes use very ugly and inelegant words in their conversation and writing, he tells the truth; but when he says it is owing to the imperfect instruction of even the most learned deaf-mute teachers in the whole world, he tells an untruth. He shows himself to be no representative of the true qualifications, instruction and influence of the deaf-mute teacher. Some persons, including the writer, are of the opinion that it was the expression of a disappointed and discouraged aspirant for a situation in one of our Institutions. Others think it was intended mostly for an argument or display of his composition. One says, "it is the most contemptible composition I ever saw." "We went to school at the same Institution; we conversed together often on all kinds of subjects, and were quite intimate. I knew him well and did not suppose he was such an idiot, to write that way on the subject."

I noticed in the JOURNAL of June 8th, an answer to it, which I think is very good, but is at a loss to know who "For Justice" is. "While I know the eminent qualifications of the mute teachers for instructing their brethren, I can not write anything on the subject that would be of any force."

Miss M. S. C. Belcher, Indiana's oldest, most gifted and wisest known graduate of the Institution, comments on it as follows:

MUTE VS. SPEAKING TEACHERS.

"I was sorry to see in a late number of the JOURNAL, an article advocating the employment of speaking and hearing teachers in preference to well-educated mutes or semi-mutes. The writer's apparent design of making the path of his fellow mutes to achieve an honorable independence more difficult, and prejudicing the minds of the speaking and hearing community against an unfortunate class, who have enough to struggle with already, shows an amount of ignorance and spite that I could not have believed any respectable and intelligent mute could be guilty of. The writer of that article knows not what he says nor what he affirms. From an intimate acquaintance as a friend and frequent visitor of the Institution, extending over a period of twenty-seven years I am convinced that the mute teachers of that Institution are not a whit behind their speaking and hearing colleagues in diligence and usefulness, nor are their classes behind the others in solid learning. The speaking and hearing teacher leaves his class when the bell announces that school is out, and hurries away to more congenial society than mutes can offer, and seeks their company no more till school resumes, except when he is obliged to stay with them on charge, while the mute teacher regards his class not only as his pupils but his friends and companions in affliction. His home is open to

them at all times, and if he lives in the Institution, their society is sought for by him, and he is always ready to assist them in any difficulty and is not only their teacher at stated periods, but their companion and friend at all times."

Another of Indiana's gifted minds gives his opinion in a similar way and winds it up by saying that "instead of signing himself 'For the Truth' he should have signed 'For the False,' as that would be a more appropriate title for him."

There may be some mute teachers of such calibre as is represented by "For the Truth" alias "For the False," but not all are like that, and if they were altogether, it would not be because they were unqualified for doing better.

Prof. E. G. Valentine, A. M., has tendered his resignation to take effect the first of October next. He goes to Chicago to practice law. It would be time and space wasted to write more than I have about him as he is widely known by both hearing and mute persons. He has had offers of the Superintendency of other Institutions, which he has peremptorily declined. Mr. Corwin also resigns.

Wednesday was commencement day. The mutes and a large number of their friends from the city assembled in the chapel at 10:30 A. M. After prayer by Prof. W. W. Angus, the exercises began. There were six graduates—three females and three males. Each delivered an address which was excellent in point of literature. They showed that there had been no pains spared in obtaining a mastery of the English language.

Miss Ida K. Wiley delivered the salutatory. She said: "We, the class of '76 or the 'Centennial' class, have been stirring the soil and sowing the seed, watering and waiting, and to-day we find our first sheaves." She concluded with the following: "Thus repeating the lesson of the Hand Divine, and proving that the new life after death is the resurrection of the old."

This was followed by an oration, delivered by Mr. J. Sansom, entitled "The Progress of Civilization." It was an ably written article and nice in point of literature and delivery. Mr. S. is a candidate for the National Deaf-mute College next fall. Then followed "Friendship," by Miss C. Brown.

Next came "The Centennial," by Jesse Cross. This was excellent, indeed, being better in point of composition than delivery. Mr. C. is a congenital mute. He has two brothers and one sister, who attended school here before he came. He is the last of the Crosses who has attended school here. He was very apt at learning and won the first honors at several quarterly examinations. He was a candidate for the College until lately, when he changed his mind.

Miss Alfredda Robertson came next. The writer is unable to make any more comments on her composition, than to say it was gracefully delivered, as he has no copy of it. Judging from her style of delivery, I venture to say that she carries with her the first honors for both the best essay and delivery. It was impossible to obtain a copy of it before or after it was rattled in our ears. I am not sure, but believe her subject was "The Ladder to Eminence and Fame."

Mr. Henry Bierhaus (also a candidate for the College,) came last with the Valedictory. His subject was "Tempus Fugit." It was an excellent article, ably written—perhaps, the best written and the deepest in thought.

Your correspondent was sorrowfully disappointed at not seeing an article by one of the most ambitious and aspiring ladies for a "Collegiate Education for mute ladies." The readers will remember that Miss Laura Sheridan wrote an article on that subject for the *American Annals*, and no one has seconded or responded to it. Unless some of our female pupils make a speech in favor of it, there will be no steps taken for that purpose. Who will venture to do it with the courage of Misses Dickson and Cozens at the late Presidential Convention on the subject of women's suffrage?

The writer is informed by reliable persons of Indiana and other States that there is some talk of starting a national magazine here for mutes, in which the best mutes and semi-mutes can put their best ideas in such a shape as to bind into a book for future use. Should one be started and all the articles be original, (not copied from other magazines as the *Silent World's* are,) I pledge myself to give it a liberal support, and not otherwise. Nobody likes to read two magazines with the same articles.

A CORRESPONDENT.

Indianapolis, July 1, 1876.

Letter from a Deaf-Mute Lady.

WATERVILLE, N. Y., July 1, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Sir: I have a few items that may prove to be of interest to many of your readers.

Mr. Thomas McMillen, of Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y., and Miss Alice Austin, of Paris Hill, Oneida county, N. Y., were united in marriage on the 28th ult. Both are graduates of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. It was my pleasure to attend the wedding party. They make a happy couple. The bridegroom has a very good farm of his own, and the bride has found a pleasant home. They will begin their house-keeping the third inst., at his own home. I am informed that she is a cousin of Mr. Hiram L. Ball, of Mexico, N. Y.

Miss Caroline Barton went to New Jersey to visit Dr. and Mrs. Barker, her brother-in-law and sister. It is reported that she has gone with them to spend several weeks at the Centennial Exposition.

I forgot to say that the marriage ceremony of Mr. McMillen and Miss Austin was performed by Rev. Mr. Wicks, of St. Paul's Church, at Paris Hill. I am told that Mr. McMillen graduated in 1840, and his wife in 1871.

Notes from a Pupil of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

The annual vacation of the New York Institution commenced on the last Wednesday in June. The pupils of both sexes had long been looking forward to it in pleasant anticipation. On that morning they arose at the early hour of six, performed their daily ablutions, and filed into the dining-room at seven o'clock, where they had a bountiful supply of food, to sustain them through the trying events of the day. Well, the wants of the inner man having been attended to, they repaired to their dressing-rooms and slicked themselves up as nicely as a Yankee school-master going to a ball. "Finishing their elegant toilets," they strutted to their respective sitting-rooms, as proud as young Bantams at hearing their first crowing. At nine o'clock they went into the chapel, when Dr. Peet, the genial Principal, sent for the young man who is teaching printing, and called for three cheers for the noble type-setter for teaching the boys how to sling ink. The cheers were given with a will, and such a clapping of hands and stamping of feet you would not be apt to see anywhere else—"Unless you go to the Centennial," which I hope will be your good fortune. The closing sermon was printed at the Institution, and I ask you as a brother printer, should they not be proud of it?

After this, the principal called the names of those pupils who had been connected with the Institution for the respective terms of five and eight years, and gave them certificates of good character. Not a few of those who were to graduate, went around with very sad faces. I suppose they did not like the idea of leaving the beloved *Alma Mater*, never to return, but to battle with the cold, hard and unfeeling world. However, they left their beloved *Alma Mater* with a stern determination to succeed written on their countenances. Let us wish them success.

At ten o'clock the pupils were dismissed from the chapel, and permitted to amuse themselves as they pleased until eleven, when they were called to dinner. That being over they were again left to their own resources of pleasure until three o'clock, at which hour the exhibition was opened.

Another boy and myself were in such a hurry to reach home that we did not stay to witness the exhibition. I, for one, deeply regret it. Our journey home was in the same direction, and we had a very pleasant time till we reached the city. At that place we stepped into a street car, and there our troubles commenced. The car was pretty well filled with a struggling mass of humanity, but by crowding, we managed to find seats, and all went on swimmingly for a short distance, when a big, fat lady with a big, plump basket, nimbly stepped on board the car. She pushed forward and soon espied a little vacant space alongside of my companion, into which she immediately dropped herself and squeezed the poor fellow up into the corner, where he remained for half an hour, groaning, turning and twisting himself about and looking the very picture of abject misery. Every few minutes he would turn to me and vow vengeance against the corpulent female who had thus invaded his rightful seat. He was almost roasted, and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart, but could afford him no assistance, though I would have been glad to have done so.

ST. ELMO.
Jersey City, N. J., July 24, 1876.

Philadelphia Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 7th, 1876.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—I will write all the news I can get at this time for the JOURNAL, through which the deaf-mutes are so eager to get it.

The closing of the school occurred on the twenty-ninth of June. About a week before the close, George W. Childs, Esq., the well-known and popular proprietor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, kindly invited all the pupils of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb to visit the Centennial exhibition at his expense. The entire number, about three hundred by class divisions, received a very much enjoyed the benefit of that benevolent gentleman's invitation. Through the entire week, two or three classes of both sexes, a day, under the supervision of their respective teachers, visited the grounds and viewed the sights at the great Centennial show. During the visit on one of the days, one of the directors of the Institution and one of the teachers who had charge of the pupils, were robbed of a small sum of money by pickpockets in a crowded street car. On another day, one of the parties returned from the Exposition about sundown, and when they got to the Institution, three of the boys were missing. One of the teachers went to the grounds and informed the police guards of the affair, and requested that the boys, if found, be sent to the Institution. Two of the boys returned at a late hour, after strolling around through the city. After a long search, the third boy not having been found, Mr. Joshua Foster, the Principal of the Institution, telegraphed to the parents, and the next day he returned to the Institution. He said he met a friend at the Exposition, who took him to his home.

Thirty students of the National Deaf-mute College, at Washington, D. C., and forty pupils of the primary department of the same, under the supervision of seven officers, came to this city on the 29th of June, and took board and lodgings at the Elm Avenue Hotel, near the Centennial Exposition, for the purpose of visiting the great show. They were at the Centennial three days, and then returned to Washington on the first day of this month. Their expenses were paid by several benevolent gentlemen of the latter city. Some of the other students of the above-named college will stay in this city for about two weeks.

Among the arrivals of deaf-mutes at the Centennial from different parts of the country, are Prof. Carroll, of Fairbault, Minn., Prof. Park, (recently from the College,) of Columbus, Ohio, and Prof. Fisher and wife, of Cave Springs, Ga. The latter are the guests of Mr. A. B. Carlin.

Mr. M. Peerman, of Texas, a printer by trade and a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, died at the Brockley Almshouse in this city a few days ago. It was thought that he came from Texas to this city last March. Principal Foster received a message from the warden of the Almshouse, inquiring after his relatives, of whom the former failed to receive any information. Any of your readers knowing of the whereabouts of his relatives, will confer a favor by informing Mr. Joshua Foster, at the Institution for Deaf-mutes, Philadelphia, Pa. You may expect to hear from me again before long.

ABRAHAM F. MARSHALL.

An Unfortunate Deaf-mute Girl.

ONE THAT DESERVES THE BENEFITS OF THE NATIONAL HOME.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—For several years past a deaf girl who gives her name as Catherine Johns, has been living in Chicago, some of the time working at the Sherman House as "scrub girl," and some of the time living in private families as "maid of all work."

She states that she was formerly a pupil of the Wisconsin Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, which statement is corroborated by Mr. Daniel Sullivan, a prominent member of the Deaf-mute Society of this city, who knew her while herself a pupil there. This gentleman represents her as being a quiet, studious girl, who, having dim eyes, always sat near her teacher. I first met Miss Johns in the spring of 1875, at which time she told me that her parents were alive, and resided in Wisconsin, but had a large family, and were poor. Not wishing to burden them with her support after leaving school, she came to Chicago to work.

She can talk a little, but not sufficiently to make herself understood by every one. If I remember her looks rightly, she is blind in one eye, and the sight of the other has been growing more defective. As it is difficult for those employing her to make her understand all their wishes, her wages have been low, one dollar a week being the amount she received during the past winter for work, beginning at six o'clock in the morning and ending at ten in the evening, and she could seldom remain in the same place any length of time. Subsequent to my first acquaintance with her, I several times met her at the society; then I left the city and knew nothing of her until last fall when I returned to have my eyes treated. During the winter, while under the care of Dr. W. T. Montgomery, one of the most skillful oculists in the West, I several times met her at the society, and was always touched deeply by her friendless, isolated appearance, and proposed that steps should be taken to get her admitted into the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, but my proposition was met with the objection, "She is not old enough." Finding I could not help her in that way, as spring drew near, having become convinced that Dr. Montgomery was not only a skillful oculist, but also a thorough gentleman, I reported her case to him and his excellent wife, and they were so much interested that the Dr. said if she would call at his office he would examine her eyes and see if anything could be done to improve her sight. When told that she might call on him she seemed greatly pleased, and lost no time in calling. After careful examination, the Dr. concluded that an operation upon the worst eye might prove beneficial, and as soon as possible secured her a place in the county hospital, and operated, first on the blind eye, the operation consisting in the formation of a new pupil or making an incision through which light could pass. She was then placed under the care of a nurse, and her eye progressed as well as it could with her frequent meddling with the bandages, for in her eagerness to know if she could see out of the long useless eye, she could not be persuaded to let them alone. She soon found she could see out of the new pupil some, and when her eye was healed with more hope than expectation of further benefitting her, the Dr. operated on her best eye, and she insisted she could see better out of it.

She remained in the hospital till the first week in May, and then got a place in a private family at one dollar a week. On my return to the city a week ago, the doctor's wife, who all alone has taken a great interest in Miss Johns, told me that a short time ago she had called at the doctor's office, and asked him to get her a place in the hospital again, as the people she had been living with are fortune-tellers; had lately had a fuss, and would not pay her the wages agreed upon. She had stayed two nights at the station house and a policeman had given her a note by which she had obtained admittance into the Home for the Friendless, until she could find another home.

Miss Johns besides being deaf, and nearly blind is not strong. Indeed most people would consider her in poor health at first sight, and her independent wish to support herself is a great credit to her. As surely as "nature has its limitations," she must have a more restful, settled life, or lose the little sight which she now possesses.

Deeply commiserating her pitiable condition, I pleaded her case with the president of the society, but my suggestion that she be sent to the Home in New York was met with the old objection, "She is not old enough." Her age is somewhere between twenty and thirty, but whatever be the number of years surely the word "infirm," applies to mutes of all ages, and I take pleasure in saying that, after a moments consideration, the enlightened young president was inclined to take this view of the case, and aided by his energetic efforts we hope are long to have the pleasure of knowing she is permanently settled as an inmate of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I appeal to you, is it not the imperative duty of every intelligent mute in the land to give something, be it much or little, towards placing this greatly needed, this highly noble institution, the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, upon a commodious and firm basis. Surely it is a reproach to us as a class to have any of our afflicted brothers or sisters wandering about homeless and friendless. For ourselves we have little fear that the Home will have any tendency to increase the number of claimants to public charity. In most cases the human heart is naturally too proud to accept public aid, except in extreme straits when power to help one's self is gone, and Dr. Gallandet conferred an eternal favor upon our race when he projected the Home. Spread its name and claims around freely, for He who chasteneth those whom he loveth, regards it with tender interest, and holds a double blessing in store for those who help it along. A mute gentleman who recently became informed of the Home and its present needs, expressed his interest in it by saying that he would like to donate the sum of twenty-five dollars to it. Now suppose every mute man who has a good trade, or is in good business would give a like sum, right away, would not the interest accruing from the sum total thus attained be a handsome lump of cash on hand to draw upon in times of emergency. The ladies too can do something if they will. A little self-denial in the matter of dress, and for the wearing of a cheap pair of gloves, or an unfashionable collar, tie or hat, their reward will be the blessing of some, who afflicted above their fellows, friendless and homeless, were ready to perish, and the additional reward of our Saviour's approving assurance, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto me."

Pardon me for trespassing upon your time so long, Mr. Editor, and believe me always the friend of the afflicted.

ANGIE A. FULLER.

Chicago, June 30th, 1876.

Annual Examination and Closing Exercises of the American Asylum.

(From our Hartford Correspondent.)

HARTFORD, CONN., June 30, 1876.
MR. EDITOR:—Our annual vacation has come, and all but two of the pupils have gone home. The examination commenced on the 12th inst., and ended on the 22d. The High Class, as customary, was first on the list and both that class and the First Class were put in the docket. The examination of these classes was reduced to writing, so that we can see their fluency in language as well as proficiency in their studies. Well, the examinations of these higher classes lasted four days. They were occupied in the forenoons, and the afternoons were given to recreation. The lower classes were examined all day giving them from one to two hours' duration, according to their years of standing; but the examination of the second and third classes lasted four hours. Considerable correctness in writing was evinced.

Mr. Bartlett gave his class a story of olden times, which he delivered in a most graphic manner, and both pupils and teachers were much interested in its delivery, for, when Mr. B. was in the height of ecstasy, he seemed to forget his age and went on tiptoe playing on an imaginary guitar (a sort of banjo). The production of the story was so clear that most of his pupils wrote it as it had been told in signs.

The pupils of the younger classes showed satisfactory improvement in the use of the pen. Two prizes for penmanship were offered in each class. It happened that in two or three classes the candidates for the prizes could not be decided upon, as the number of contestants were chosen by lot.

The examination proved satisfactory to the committee.

The examination of the pupils in the articulation department gave great satisfaction, for the improvement this year, and in spite of the ill health of the head teacher, was beyond expectation.

In the mechanical department the pupils have shown marked improvement, especially in the cabinet shop. The work was witnessed by the Governor and Council of Maine, who made their visit here about the close of the term.

Two of our teachers have Centennial boys. One was born on the 10th of May, and the other a few weeks ago. One of the teachers, upon the occasion, wrote on a blackboard in a class-room, "And they made signs to his father, how he would have him called. And he asked for a writing table, and wrote, saying, 'His name is John.'" I hope the child will be named John C. Bull, Jr.

It was expected that the Conference of Principals would meet in this place as there was some sickness among the pupils of the Northampton school, but lately it has been decided to have the Principals meet in Philadelphia, so as to have a chance to visit the Exposition.

Since it is vacation your correspondent has left off cultivating the young minds and is cultivating his garden. On the potato vines in some places the Colorado potato bugs are as thick as berries on a bush. Paris green is expensive and injures the vines; so your correspondent goes to them early in the morning, as they seem to be taking their quiet repose, and picks them off the vines as though he were picking berries. Then he carries them home and as they seem to be chilly in this cold climate he gives them a sweat bath.

It is said that where guinea hens are kept there are no such bugs to harm the potato vines. The reason that they devour them is, perhaps, that they are somewhat speckled, like the guinea hens, but the specks run in straight lines.

I have written all that I can think of, and will close my correspondence with the compliments of the Centennial year.

Yours truly,

OLD HICKORY.

New York Institution Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The weather has been very warm of late, and has been getting warmer all the time till to-day, which is one of the warmest we have had. We are fanning away and congratulating ourselves on the fact that the examination is over, and the classes have shown great progress in all the studies, notwithstanding the sickness last winter kept so many of the pupils away from the school-room. The drawing classes have some beautiful pictures, crayon drawings, pastel paintings, as well as some water-color paintings. Some of the pupils' pictures of animals are more natural and life-like than the copies from which they were taken. The flowers and fruit are very beautiful and true to nature, and show great taste and skill on the part of the pupils. It is, indeed, fortunate that the importance of having drawing, etc., taught in all the schools is daily gaining more and more favor and consideration; so that in a few more years we may expect most important results. Drawing may be applied to so many important branches of trade, and the more skillful our people become in the use of the pencil and brush, the more beautiful their homes will be. So that even the poorest may have some little thing, if only a pencil drawing, that will make his home more pleasant to him, and by first cultivating a taste for the beautiful with the hope of neatness on the part of the wife and children, as well as himself, and when he sees how easy it is to make his home beautiful, he will try to save money in order to do so, instead of spending it for drink and in other foolish ways.

We have had a great number of distinguished visitors lately, among whom were Mr. Whipple, of the Whipple Institution for Deaf-mutes, where articulation is taught in a new and original way. He gave us a very interesting account of his system, which is something like the Bell system, only that Prof. Bell gives symbols for the movements of all the organs of speech and all the different degrees in which each organ may be exercised, while Mr. Whipple only gives the symbols illustrating the movements which are visible to the eye, so that it appears to be the easiest of the two systems, and his pupils have made rapid progress even in cases where they were supposed to be too old to learn.

Prof. O. D. Cooke, formerly teacher of the High Class in this Institution, but now of the North Carolina Institution, was here a few days ago, looking well and hearty.

Mr. Jacques Loew, a very intelligent German deaf-mute, and a skillful worker in bronze ware, also called on us. He has medals from the Paris Exhibition for skill in bronze ware. He also brought some German papers, which spoke of the skill of his workmanship.

Miss Laura C. Redden called on us last week, and from what we know of her through her writings, her books, etc., we expected to see a looking woman, past middle age, who might have been very interesting when young, and we were most agreeably surprised to find that the lady whom we had learned to love and admire through her writings, was a young, interesting and attractive lady, whose sweet smiles and pleasant manners win friends for her wherever she goes. We could hardly realize that so young a lady had written so many books and interesting articles in the magazines and papers.

Prof. J. Van Nostrand, of the Texas Institution, also paid us a flying visit. Also Mr. W. F. Medver, a distinguished lawyer, of Lima, Peru, lately appointed Secretary of Legation to Lima, Peru. Mr. R. T. Thompson and wife, of Kansas, are now here; also Prof. D. H. Carroll and Prof. P. W. Downing, of the Minnesota Institution; and Prof. Waring Wilkinson, Principal of the California Institution, is daily expected.

Among the improvements made for the pupils is a printing office, which is under the management of Mr. E. A. Hodgson, a young gentleman from New York, and the pupils have made so great progress under his teachings, though the office has only been one month in working order, that they have already printed all the invitations for the Exhibition, on Wednesday, the 28th, several visiting and business cards, etc. In short, it is a regular job printing establishment, and will soon not only save the Institution great expense by doing all such work required by the Institution, but will also be self-supporting.

On Sunday, the 25th, Mr. Jewell, conducted the morning service in the chapel, and in the afternoon Dr. I. L. Peet gave his farewell sermon to the pupils and graduates. The sermon will be printed for the benefit of the pupils, and this year by the pupils themselves.

Mrs. H. P. Peet, wife of the former Principal, and since his death matron of the Institution, has resigned her position as matron, greatly to the regret of her friends, the pupils, to whom she was greatly endeared, and the many friends of the Institution. Being the wife of the great and good Dr. H. P. Peet, whose life was devoted to the good of the deaf-mutes not only in his own Institution, but also throughout the land, she has learned to know and understand the deaf-mutes so well that it is like parting children from a beloved mother to part from them now, and they feel the saddest regret at parting from her.

—Mr. S. N. Gustin is exhibiting his pokes at the Centennial.

—Wheat harvesting has commenced in Central New York.

—We are very glad to learn that Dr. Bradbury is recovering.

Something of Everything.

MY DEAR JOURNAL:—I went to New York a week or two ago, picking up a subscription for you on the way. I consider myself quite fortunate in my company during the trip. A young man and his coy little bride occupied a seat near mine, and the spectacle was pleasant to my eyes not yet old in such experiences. Then, too, my pet college crew, the Cornell boys, were on their way to Saratoga, and I do wish I could be among the crowd at the regatta, to see them spurt in at the head, as they will be sure to do.

While in New York I paid a short visit to the New York Institution.—Everything seems to go on as it always has, and yet there are perceptible differences,—improvements they call them. Some are undoubtedly nice, and some otherwise. There are some old land marks which we always expect to see and as surely find—men who have been so long in the service that they seem to have become a part of the very building itself.

At last, after years of waiting, the institution has a printing office, well stocked, and a couple of presses. One is a job press, a fine one, but in the choice of the other, an old fashioned *Hand-press*, we think they made a mistake. With steam in the very room, a foot, in fact, from the place where the press stands, there was every reason to get one to be run by steam power.

There is talk of starting a paper next fall. It will doubtless come in due time, but, ignorant of the plans concerning it, I can foreshadow nothing.

I did not stay in New York long, pressing duties called me back, and are keeping me; I hope soon to get away from the office and be free to hunt, fish and swim.

Cheap Books for Deaf-Mutes.

MR. RIDER:—Believing that the deaf-mutes would be rejoiced to have the Bible stories, from the Creation of the world to Revelations, written in such simple language as to be easily understood, I have consulted with the publishers of the "Stories of the Bible," and they have consented to reduce the price of the book so as to make it within the reach of all deaf-mute graduates. And they have authorized me to sell the book. The price of each book is \$1.75, sent free to single subscribers, but to clubs of 10 or more persons I can sell it for \$1.40 each, provided they pay express charges. The binding of the book is plain, and is covered with good English cloth. I will send you a sample of the cloth. No cheaper book of the Bible, having language so simple, can be procured anywhere. You will notice the price list of the book and see how cheap its price is. It cannot be sold so low to hearing and speaking persons.

If I can get a club of 10 or more persons I will order the books sent to one address. The money must always be sent by Post-office order.

Some time hence many deaf-mutes will be in possession of the book.

Yours truly,

WM. H. WEEKS.

[We have examined the publishers' regular price list of the above-named books, and also the sample of binding sent us. The price of the book is much less than it is sold for by the publishers and the style of binding very good. The book is a very interesting and instructive one for everybody, and seems especially adapted to the wants of the deaf and dumb. Orders should be sent to

WM. H. WEEKS,
American Asylum,
Hartford, Conn.]

News of the Week.

A band of masked men have robbed a passenger train in Missouri.

Mr. Blaine has accepted the vacant Senatorship of Maine.

Gov. Hayes has written his letter of acceptance. He declares for hard money, free schools, peace in the South, civil service reform, and one term.

Senator Merrill has qualified as Secretary of the Treasury.

Gov. Tilden has pardoned Oscar Hill, sentenced in Cheating county to nine years and six months in Auburn prison, on the recommendation of the district attorney, who believes the prisoner innocent.

A congratulatory message from Czar Alexander, of Russia, to President Grant, upon this country attaining its Centennial, was received Saturday.

The sentence of George D. Lovi is delayed by an appeal.

In Milwaukee, Monday, seven persons convicted of whisky frauds were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment and various fines.

The propeller St. Clair caught fire on Lake Superior Sunday morning, five miles from shore, and 16 passengers and 10 of the crew were drowned.

Nearly 50 cases of death from heat were reported in New York on Monday.

On Sunday, Castle Garden was destroyed by fire, and the books and papers of the Emigration Commission were consumed. All the emigrants and most of their property were saved.

One hundred men, including nine officers of the first brigade, New Jersey militia, on Saturday, were prostrated by the heat while in camp near Trenton.

Postmaster-General Jewell has resigned at the request of the President, and Second Assistant Postmaster-General, Judge J. W. Tyner, of Indiana, has been appointed in his stead.

The Blaine inquiry has been postponed until the next session of Congress.

The suit to set aside the will of the late A. T. Stewart has been dismissed.

Facts and Fancies.

Waxworks—A bee-hive.

A wisacre—Your wisdom tooth.

Improper practice—A quack doctor's.

A wedding trip—Stumbling over the bride's train.

What interjection is of the feminine gender?—A-las!

Husbands and letter-paper should always be well ruled.

It is far less dangerous to slip with the foot than the tongue.

Some people never pay a debt except when they owe a grudge.

Some two hundred and thirty Smiths had a picnic at Niagara.

Suspended animation—A spider hanging at the end of a web.

What class of people may be said to lie the most?—Sluggards.

What vegetable is anything but agreeable on board a ship?—A leek.

When you dispute with a fool, he is very likely to be similarly employed.

What is that which flies high, lies low, has no feet, and yet wears shoes?—Dust.

A somnambulist walked the ridge pole of a six story building in Keokuk.

Duelists must have their seconds, and widows are entitled to their thirds.

"I'm having a change of air," said Mr. Jenkins said when he put on a new wig.

The Methodist camp meeting at Round Lake is larger this year than ever before.

The first man who ever went round the world—The man in the moon.

If falsehood paralyzed the tongue, what a death-like silence would pervade society.

Paris burned 40,000 pounds of candles to celebrate the festival of Corpus Christi.

Ladies, please be sweet, but don't be too formal. Be roses, but don't be prim-roses.

Few young girls are so inconsolable that their hearts can't be kept afloat by a boy.

The extreme height of misery is a small boy with a new pair of boots and no mud puddle.

A foolish fellow, having a house to sell, took a brick from the wall to exhibit it as a sample.

A wise man may be pinched by poverty, but only a fool will let himself be pinched by tight shoes.

We suppose that there is quite as large an amount of craft upon the land as there is upon water.

The heart of a beautiful woman, like that of a beautiful flower, may be the abode of a reptile.

A bull-frog is never entirely "broke" financially. He always has a green back, you know.

What is the difference between a bill and a pill?—One is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down.

When a young lady lends handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she probably sews in order that she may reap.

Addie Baldwin, of Bristol, Mass., less than 18 years old, has made her third unsuccessful attempt to kill herself.

A most ridiculous habit among some young people is the cultivation of melancholy as an interesting accomplishment.

Mr. Larkin Turner, of Meriville town, Ga., is 106 years of age. Mrs. Robertson, of the same county, is 101.

Sometimes society gets tired of a man, and hangs him. Sometimes a man gets tired of society, and hangs himself.

It is justly said of a woman that she divides our sorrows and doubles our joys. Pity she quadruples our expenses.

A San Francisco man undertook to put a boy in a water trough, and he succeeded, although in doing so he killed the boy.

A Boston physician says that blowing cornets or trombones is the best exercise for women, expanding their lungs and making them straight.

Mr. Sampson, of North Adams, Mass., contradicts the story that he is going to discharge his Chinese shoemakers. He says that he is satisfied with them.

There are as good horses drawing in carts as in coaches; and as good men are engaged in humble employments as in the highest.

A man that had nearly been drowned while bathing declared that he would not go into the water until he had learned to swim.

Every man cherishes in his heart some object, some shrine at which his adoration is paid, unknown to his fellow-mortals.

"You must cultivate decision of character, and learn to say 'no,'" said a father to his son. Soon afterwards, when the father told the son to chop wood, the boy said "no" with an emphasis that showed a remembrance of the lesson.

Kissing the Bride.

The custom of kissing the bride at a wedding is of antiquity, and while among the most refined classes it has fallen into disuse, it is still insisted on by many people with great vigor.

A very amusing story is told of a Kentucky backwoodsman who had, after a long and arduous courtship of the belle of one of the Kentucky cities, won her for a bride.

She had for a long time wavered in her choice, undecided whether to take him or a gentleman of wealth and position in the city, but finally chose the

humbler lot in obedience to her heart.

The wedding was celebrated in great style, and the manly groom was almost as much admired for his colossal proportions and athletic symmetry as was the bride for her exceeding loveliness.

Among the guests was the unsuccessful suitor, who was well aware of the jealousy with which the groom had regarded him, but who had overcome his chagrin at his failure, and was sincerely anxious to congratulate the bride.

One by one the guests offered their good wishes and their hearty kisses, while the groom looked on with approval and delight.

At length among the rest came the rejected lover.

The young groom watched him keenly, but without the least animosity in his expression.

The unfortunate rival felt the delicacy of his position, and not caring to provoke the husband's ire, he did not proffer the salute that was customary.

As he was giving place to others, after wishing the newly-married pair well, the groom grasped his arm with his iron fingers, and in a low tone, said:

"She's my wife, and I propose to see that she is treated as well as my wife should be treated. If you don't kiss her I'll break every bone in your body."

Rather than quarrel, the gentleman kissed the not unwilling bride, and the groom was satisfied.

Palermo.

In speaking of the Massachusetts law, making it necessary that a "dozen eggs weigh one and one-half pounds," Max Adler says:

"We approve of this. The hens have too long had their own way in this way of laying eggs, and they have constantly defrauded the public. It is high time this outrage was crushed, and we are glad that the Legislature of Massachusetts is going to do it. If free American citizens are to be imposed upon with impunity by debauched and corrupt chickens, the government for which William Penn fought and John Hancock died, is a disgraceful failure. Hereafter Massachusetts hens will either have to lay two-ounce eggs or emigrate. The people will submit to their tyranny no longer. They have borne the yolk until it has become unendurable. They denounce the present prices for present eggs as extortion, and hence they demand a reform, with the determination to draw up this chicken bill and put it through the Legislature."

Jake was called upon in the Recorder's Court to give testimony in favor of the good character of Pete, who had been on a regular bender.

"Jake," said the Judge, "do you know Pete, the prisoner?"

"O, yes, sah; I know him better'n any nigger in Atlanta."

"Is he sober and industrious?"

"Dat 'pend's 'pon de 'kashion, Judge; sometime he's sober and sometimes he's 'dustrious, sah."

"When is he sober?"

"Most generally when he ain't got no money, Judge."

"When is he industrious?"

"Jis 'bout the same time, sah."

"Suppose he has money?"

"Den he's putty liable to be de demureks 'n leizes 'nigger dat de good Lord ever put bief into—dat's de truf."

Pete was incarcerated the next minute.

We saw a mosquito at work about ten minutes yesterday, trying to get his bill through the skin of a man who owes us ten years' subscription. How we laughed at that demoralized little insect, as with a look of disgust, he failed up his little bill, placed it in his pocket, and went for another victim.—*Whitcomb Times.*

Palermo.

Steadily the spring-time and early summer work of the farmer has gone forward, and now the advancing season brings notes of preparation, as busily the farmers make ready for hay-making. Already has the musical hum of the reaping machine been heard within our quiet farming community, and soon the whetting of scythes, the rattle of machinery, the roll of wagons and shouts of the teamsters will echo and re-echo to the refrain,

"Away, away to the hay fields,
Away to the hay fields, away."

A friend in an adjoining town, who reads the Independent, thinks there is a "kind of animosity" existing between the correspondents of Palermo, and F. W. S., of North Valley. Nothing of the sort. Between the above named correspondents there exist the kindest of feelings so far as we know. The eccentricities of newspaper correspondents are something "no fellow can make out," if he is not a quill driver. In some respects they are like lawyers, though we believe the veracity of correspondents has never been doubted, while we have heard of one lawyer in our lifetime who, it was thought, would swear that Pike's Peak was a seaport town in the vicinity of North Valley for five dollars. We hope for the honor of the profession such was not the case.

Yu N
Palermo, N. Y., July 3d, 1876.

Countless Sufferers find the balm of relief, and the fountain of their health and strength, in AYER'S SASSAPARILLA. It is the most potent of all the alteratives to purify the system and cleanse the blood. It possesses invigorating qualities, so that it stimulates the faded vitality and purges out the corruptions which mingle with the blood, promoting derangement and decay. We are assured by many intelligent physicians that this medicine cures beyond all others of its kind, and we can fortify this statement by our own experience.—*Atol (Mass.) White Flag.*

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This book meets a want which every person has felt, and which has never before been supplied in book form.

Prominent among the many valuable features of this great work are its Educational, Social, Commercial, and Legal Departments, each of which will be found a volume within itself, and the standard authority upon the subject treated.

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Here are treated in detail, the subjects which give finish to an education, the possession of which so often opens the way to desirable positions in life. This information, usually obtained only through a long and expensive course of study, is now given for the first time in practical form for home and self-culture.

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In this will be found the little matters of etiquette pertaining to social forms, customs and observances, from the neat, correct note of invitation, and reply to the same—to the wedding ceremony and its anniversaries. It is very full in the many details of social life, which indicate the degree of one's culture.

COMMERCIAL.

Here are reliable guides to the correct transaction of business, and satisfactory answers to the numberless questions which continually arise in practical business life. No such treatise has ever come before the public on these important matters, and its aids cannot be overlooked by anyone without actual loss.

LEGAL.

This department is more practical than any treatise ever before published on the subject. Full explanations precede all the forms, giving every point necessary to be complied with. Mistakes are thus avoided, and a person is enabled to act intelligently in drawing up any kind of legal document, or in seeking advice.

In addition to the above, the vast number of labor-saving Tables for Reference with which the work abounds, its full directions, and "Forms for organizing any kind of Society or Public Meeting" its "Parliamentary Rules," "Short-Hand Instructor," "Dictionary of Synonyms," "Dictionary of Abbreviations," (the latest and best), its "Dictionary of Foreign Words and Phrases," also its elaborate guides to the correct writing of every description of document entering into the social and business relations of life, make it by far the most satisfactory book reference in existence.

For the Business Man, or Mechanic, the Professional Man, or Farmer, for every Lady, the Student, the young or old, and pre-eminently for the Family, the work has never had its equal as regards real practical utility.

Mr. C. B. Thompson is agent for this work, and in his canvass for the same, is meeting with much success. The value of such a book is self-evident.

Headaches—Their Cause and Cure.

Billions of headaches are caused by the blood being overcharged with Carbonaceous matter. It is commonly called "thick," and "impure." There is too little waste, or effete matter thrown off from the system, compared to the nutriment taken into it. The system may be likened to a stove. Abundance of fuel has been introduced, and burning down the drafts become clogged with ashes and cinders, and the fire burns only feebly. It must be cleaned, then the fire will burn again. So with the system when it becomes clogged. It must be cleansed. Some headaches are nervous—i. e. the nerves are irritated and weakened. They need a nerve medicine, but a nerve medicine will not act when the system is clogged. Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic both cleanse the system and builds up the nerves, and so cures all those diseases by removing the cause. It causes the liver to throw off its bile. It cleanses out the entire Alimentary Canal and rids it of worms and other vermin that inhabit an unhealthy stomach and bowels.

It completely cleanses and purifies the blood, and at the same time strengthens and heals the Stomach, Nervous System, Heart, Lungs, Kidneys, and all other tissues.

Dr. Fenner can cure any headache in 3 to 10 minutes with his Golden Relief, but the Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic, prevent their coming on again by removing the cause.

Manufactured by Dr. M. M. Fenner, Freeonia, N. Y.

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From a Physician.

HYDE PARK, Vt., Feb. 7, 1876.

Messrs. Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Boston.

Gentl: You may perhaps remember that I wrote you several weeks ago in regard to the use of the PERUVIAN SYRUP for my wife, who was suffering from general debility, the sequence of Typhoid Dysentery. I had tried the most noted physicians in this State, and also in Canada, without relief. At your recommendation she commenced the use of the Syrup. The first four bottles made but little impression, but while taking the fifth she began to improve rapidly, and now, after using six of the dollar bottles, she has regained her strength, and is able to do most of the work about the house; and I feel that I cannot speak too highly in praise of the PERUVIAN SYRUP. I have prescribed it to several of my patients, and have procured the sale of several dozen of it here. You can make any use of this letter you see fit.

Yours very truly,
H. D. BELDEN, M. D.

Full silver trimmed Single Harness for \$20, at Pruyn's.

Roll Butter and Eggs wanted at Whyborn's Grocery. 35.

CHANGE OF TRAINS.—Going East—N. Y. Express, 8:42 A. M.; Niagara Falls Express, 2:15 P. M.; Atlantic Express, 5:40 P. M. Going West—Accommodation, 6:50 A. M.; Northern Express, 12:44 P. M.; Express, 3:30 P. M.; Express, 7:42 P. M.

Union Square—Going North—Express, 4:58 A. M.; Express, 2:17 P. M.; Express, 6:35 P. M.; Accommodation, 10:12 A. M. Going South—Express, 9:24 A. M.; Express, 12:47 P. M.; Express, 6:35 P. M.; Accommodation, 5:32 P. M.

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Rector of Trinity Church, GRANVILLE, N. Y.,
Desires to receive into his family four deaf-mute children for instruction and home care.

REFERENCES.—Rev. T. Calland, D. D., Prof. I. L. Peet, LL. D., New York; and Prof. C. W. Ely, A. M., Frederick, Md. 21-2

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Containing a development of the verb; illustrations of idioms; lessons on the different periods of human life; natural history of animals, and a description of each month in the year.

This is one of the best reading books that has ever been prepared for deaf-mutes, and furnishes an excellent practical method of making them familiar with pure, simple, idiomatic English. It is well adapted also for the instruction of hearing children.

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It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In pursuance of an order of T. W. Skinner, Surrogate of Oswego County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Morris S. Kimball, late of the town of Volney, in said county, deceased, to present their accounts, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at his residence in said town, on or before the twenty-second day of November, 1876, or they will lose the benefit of the statute in such case made and provided.—Dated May 21, 1876.

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Kernose oil, 15 cts per gallon.
One Dollar Tea, 80 " per lb.
Salt, \$1.45 & \$1.50.
Sole Butter Tea, 30 cents.
New Orleans \$1.00 Molasses, 80 cts. ½ gal.
Monitor Clothes Wringer, \$5.00
Camphor Gum, 4 cts. per oz.
The poor can have cheaper.
W. O. JOHNSON,
Washington St., Mexico.

Great Bargains
IN
HARNESS GOODS
AT
PRUYNE'S,
AT THE OLD STAND, Main Street, Mexico.

PRUYNE
Sells good Double Team Harness for \$27.00.

PRUYNE
Sells Good Team Harness, with breeching complete, for \$30.00.

PRUYNE
Sells full Silver Trimmed Single Harness for \$20.00.

PRUYNE
Sells Good Team Collars for \$2.50.

PRUYNE
Sells all kinds of Harness Goods, such as Harness, Whips, Lines and Worned Drivers, Summer Blankets, Lap Robes, Fly Nets, &c., &c., at the same rate.

PRUYNE
Does all kinds of repairing; uses the best of stock and warrants all work as represented.

Now is the Time to Buy.

SOLID WEALTH!
\$600,000 in Gifts.

Grandest Scheme ever Presented to the Public!

A FORTUNE FOR ONLY \$12.

THE KENTUCKY CASH DISTRIBUTION COMPANY, authorized by a special act of the Kentucky Legislature, for the benefit of the PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF FRANKFORT, will have the first of their grand Drawing at Mason Hall, in the City of Frankfort, Ky., on THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1876, on which occasion they will distribute to the ticket-holders the immense sum of

\$600,000.

Thos. P. Porter, Ex-Gov. Ky., Gen'l Manager.

Positively no Postponement.

LIST OF GIFTS:

One Grand Cash Gift, \$100,000
One Grand Cash Gift, 50,000
One Grand Cash Gift, 25,000
One Grand Cash Gift, 20,000
One Grand Cash Gift, 10,000
One Grand Cash Gift, 5,000
50 Cash Gifts of \$1,000 each, 50,000
100 Cash Gifts of 500 each, 50,000
100 Cash Gifts of 400 each, 40,000
100 Cash Gifts of 300 each, 30,000
200 Cash Gifts of 200 each, 40,000
600 Cash Gifts of 100 each, 60,000
10,000 Cash Gifts of 10 each, 120,000
Total, 1,156 Gifts, All Cash, 600,000

PRICE OF TICKETS:
Whole tickets, \$12; Halves, \$6; Quarters, \$3;
9 Tickets, \$100; 27½ Tickets, \$300; 84½ Tickets, \$900; 252 Tickets, \$1,000. 100,000 Tickets at \$10 each.

Remittances can be made by Express, Draft, Post-office Money order or Registered Letter, made payable to KENTUCKY CASH DISTRIBUTION COMPANY.

All communications connected with the distribution, and orders for Tickets, and applications of Agents to sell Tickets, should be addressed to
HON. T. P. PORTER,
General Manager, Frankfort, Ky.

BUY PIRRUNG'S Scrubbing Machine

OF
Goit & Castle.

This Mop cleans the floor and takes up all the dirty water into a box, without kneeling, stooping or wetting the hands. It differs from the Rubber Mop in having a box to receive and hold the dirty water until emptied, and is the only machine in the world which possesses that advantage.

NO CLOTH IS NEEDED.

With it one person can do more work and do it better, than five can with any other Mop.

Every Family Needs One.

Saloons, Stores, and Offices in using it save its cost every week. Hotels will not be without them, and buy them by the Dozen. It is made of the very best material, is durable and lasts from three to five years. It saves more hard work than a Clothes Wringer, that costs from \$5 to \$8. Price, \$2.00 each.

For sale by
Mexico, June 6, 1876. **GOIT & CASTLE.**

LOUIS HALLS,
MANUFACTURER OF
BILLIARD, CROQUETTE
AND
TEN PIN BALLS,
Turner in Horn, Hard and Soft Wood,
All kinds of Tool Handles, &c.
REAR OF 220 NORTH SECOND ST., (Second Floor,) PHILADELPHIA. 33-4

POSITIVELY CURED.

When death was hourly expected from Consumption, all remedies having failed, and Dr. J. J. James was experimenting, he accidentally made a preparation of BILLY CREAM, which cured his only child, and now gives this receipt free on receipt of two stamps, to pay exp. exp. BILLY CREAM cures night sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address CRABDOCK & CO., 1032 Race St., Philadelphia, naming this paper. 34-4